MEDICAL.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES COLIC, CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM

and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.

For Sale by all Dealers.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

Guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Complaints, Incontinence, Retention of Urine, Bloody or Scalding Urine, or money refunded. Sold by all druggists in pill or medicine, or by mail on receipt of price, per box, or Six Boxes $2.50.

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REGISTERED Indapo Made a Well Man of Him

INDAPO THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY PRODUCES THE ABOVE RESULTS IN 30 DAYS. Cures all nervous diseases, Failing Memory, Paresis, Sleeplessness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Lost Manhood in old or young, Kidney and Bladder troubles, carried in vest pocket. Price $1.00 a package. Six for $5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Don't pay on imitation, but insist on having INDAPO. If your druggist has not got it, he will send it prepaid. Oriental Medical Co., Fargo, Chicago, Ill., or our agents. SOLD by C. S. Hobart & Sons, Chemists & Druggists, sole agents for KINGSTON, ONT.

DIAMOND DINNER PILLS

CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, REGULATE THE LIVER.

ONE PILL AFTER EATING INSURES GOOD DIGESTION. PRICE 25 CTS. THE DODDS MED. CO. LTD. TORONTO

A MAGIC CURE FOR SYPHILENE BLOOD POISON

COOK REMEDY CO.

Have you Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write Cook Remedy Co., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital $500,000. Patient secured nine years ago today sound and well. 100-page book free.

ARMENIAN WEDDING.

AN INTERESTING BUT SOMEWHAT TIRESOME CEREMONY.

The Bride and Groom Stand Not an Hour With Their Foreheads Together—The Costume of the Bride—The Professional Matchmakers.

While the Armenians who live in Europe and Turkey, and above all in Constantinople, have adopted foreign dress and modes of living, their religious observances have never undergone any change, and probably never will. Their weddings, their baptisms, and their funerals, as well as their church services are to-day exactly the same as when, the Armenian Catholic Church was founded in the third century by the apostle Andrew.

Those ancient customs fit in to-day with modern ideas very oddly, and for a person of the end of the nineteenth century to find himself alone at one of these ceremonies is to feel as if he were dreaming of times long past. The writer of this was invited to an Armenian wedding in Constantinople not very long ago.

The bridegroom was a clerk and was rather taller than is usual for an Armenian to be, as they are generally rather under than over the medium height. He was well built and had dark eyes and curling hair and a good fresh color, and in fact was quite a good-looking young fellow. His name was Haskas. He, like all the Greeks and Armenians, as well as the majority of Europeans, was quite willing to accept a fortune with his bride. In fact, I suspect that the prospective fortune was the prime factor in this marriage. A young man of those countries has but few chances of making money for himself, and custom makes it appear quite proper for him to secure a fortune more or less with his bride. Parents begin to lay aside their daughters' dowry from the time a girl is born, and according to the family and social prominence of the young man are the demands of his friends. He is allowed no social intercourse with the unmarried ladies of any family, and therefore his affections can not be said to be engaged.

THE GROOM SALUTES THE BRIDE.

When an Armenian family has a young daughter to marry they look about until they find some young man who suits their ideas, and then a messenger is sent to this young man's nearest relatives, telling of the admirable qualities of the girl and naming the sum of her dower. This is promptly refused if the young man's family thinks it is insufficient. The young man's parents want all they can get, and they haggle and bid back and forth until finally thinking they can do no better they accept. The preliminaries are arranged either by the professional matchmakers or the relatives of bride and groom. The young man then makes a formal demand for the hand of the young lady through the nearest friend, the groom's mother, if she is living. The matchmakers are old women, and they are paid by one family or the other. Often two sets of matchmakers are employed, and they arrange everything, making the proposal and bearing the shy acceptance.

In the case of the wedding of which I write an old woman from the bride's family had gone down to the young man's office and made her proposal there. The offer was accepted on condition that the dowry proved to be all that she said, viz., 20,000 parkits liras, or nearly $100,000. The bride's family was a very wealthy one and she was the only daughter. She had seen Haskas in some way, and that shortened the preliminaries somewhat, as a direct bid could be made. The girl was young and pretty, and Haskas was considered very fortunate. The bride, in addition to the money dowry, received the gift of two houses, one in Priskipo and one in Pera, but these were settled upon her. The furniture and clothes were all part of the dowry, and Haskas' mother went to verify the inventory to see if anything was put down that was not there. Haskas' mother thought he was letting himself go dirt cheap, but as the bride was an only child and the parents lived near Yerimbourgas and already showed evidences of the insalubrity of that place she finally consented to the match.

The day before the wedding the whole amount of the dowry in cash was paid over to Haskas, and from a clerk with a pitiful salary of 3 liras a week he became in one hour a partner in the firm he had formerly worked for. Out of this money Haskas bought a diamond necklace and some other jewels for his bride and his own wedding clothes.

The wedding was to be at the home of the bride. When I arrived at the house she was just dressed, and I was invited into the bedroom where she stood in her magnificence. She was completely covered from head to foot with a veil of long slips of tinsel like that with which we decorate our Christmas trees. You could see nothing through this but the bottom of her dress. The women lifted her veil to show her face. The bride was not over 15 or 16, and was quite pretty so far as one could judge. Her cheeks were painted and her eyebrows pencilled darkly, to meet in the center and reach her hair. The rest of her face was one dead white, made so by lead cosmetic. Her dress was white satin, embroidered with silver and pearls. The clothes were clumsily made, as are all the oriental garments, and completely disfigured whatever of grace she had. At a hint from my friends I took up a fold of her dress to see that the pearls were genuine.

Her hair was long and thick, and braided full of little jingling coins.

In ignorance of etiquette I forgot to look at her feet, when she took the initiative and stuck out one and then the other to show that she had velvet slippers worked with gold thread and pearls. Then she showed her solitaire ear-rings.

After the inspection of the little bride we took seats on the divan and sipped black coffee served in egg shell cups standing in gold filigree holders. Sweet meats were handed around in glasses, with spoons. The sweetmeats are of violet, rose and anise flavors, and are made very thick. There are glasses of water, and another with spoons and one empty glass. You are expected to take a spoon, dip it into whichever jelly you prefer, eat a spoonful, and then put your soiled spoon into the empty glass. I succeeded in upsetting a glass of water and both glasses of spoons, which for some reason they appeared to consider a good omen.

After this we were taken to see the trousseau. Many of the dresses were of rich and handsome stuffs. Then we went to see the supper table. This was spread in a long and icy-cold room. There were fowls, cakes, dried fruits, enormous quantities of bread and cheese, and three immense boiled fish, besides black olives and confectioners' cakes. Hot dishes were to be served later when the guests were seated.

The whole party then went into the parlor to wait the arrival of the bridegroom and the priests, of whom there were to be four. The rest of the company were all assembled, and at 9 o'clock Haskas and his mother arrived. The bride was led in and seated on a stool, the tinsel covering her completely. Haskas' mother looked like a veritable old witch, and she passed her time making invidious remarks and discharing that the amount of dowry she were giving such a noble, beautiful and well-connected young man as Haskas was utterly ridiculous.

Everybody but the bride talked, smoked and had a good time, and at 11 o'clock the priests had not come. The bride's father went to see what had become of them. He soon returned to say that they would be along in a short time. So coffee and more sweetmeats were served, and mastic was offered to the men to sharpen their appetites. Finally at 1 o'clock in the morning a boy came and spread a piece of carpet in the center of the floor and said the priests were coming. The guests did not mind the delay, but the poor little bride sitting on the stool under her glittering head-gear tottered with sleep two or three times. No one spoke to her or offered her a glass of water, nor did she speak to any one. It must have been a cruel penance. At 1:30 o'clock the priests arrived, preceded by several boys with censors chanting. The priests were dressed in magnificent robes, stiff with gold embroidery and jewels. The head priest had a sort of mitre blazing with jewels. The first carpet was now covered with another having tassels. The chief priest took the center of this, with the other three behind him. The bride's father led her forward to the bridegroom, and they both stepped before the priest. Cushions of red velvet were then presented, on which were artificial leaves. These were put on the heads of the young couple. The tinsel veil kept that of the bride steady, but Haskas' did not fit and kept slipping around to his great discomfort. The bride was short, Haskas tall, and they were obliged to stand one hour with their foreheads touching. The wreaths were changed from head to head three times.

The ceremony appeared to resemble the Catholic form closely, but with much more symbolism. When it was over the newly married pair arose and the priests went to the supper room, and after they had eaten and departed the rest went to supper.

THEIR HEADS TOUCHED FOR AN HOUR.

The poor weary bride was placed on the same stool and the bridegroom came forward with a richly trimmed cushion on which his presents were displayed, a watch with a long, heavy chain, a diamond brooch and necklace and a pair of filigree bracelets, over 4 inches wide, studded with rubies, and a red silk purse filled with gold money. After the presentation of the jewels Haskas awkwardly unfastened the tinsel veil, handed it to his mother and clasped the jewels on the bride, to whom he then offered his hand to lead her to the supper room, followed by all the rest. Hot roast mutton and pilaff and several other very substantial dishes were served, and an abundance of wine. The bride never spoke nor did any one appear to regard her as other than a lay figure, though she ate a little. It was daylight before they had finished eating, for everyone did full justice to the feast. Then every one went home in the gray light of morning, after one last cup of coffee and a congratulatory speech.

Every wedding is carried out in the same general manner, allowing for difference in the station and circumstances of the families.

The mother-in-law exists in Armenian as well as in our comic papers. Haskas' mother never left off belittling the supper, the dowry and the appearance of the bride, but no one appeared to feel hurt or vexed, so I imagine it must be customary. Weddings being so complex, one is usually enough to last a life-time and divorces are almost unheard of.

Important to Merchants.

According to the Assessment Act of Ontario a professional man is taxed on income, a merchant is taxed on capital.

Thus, if two men, one a professional man the other a merchant, earn equal income, the one has to pay five, six or ten times as much tax as the other.

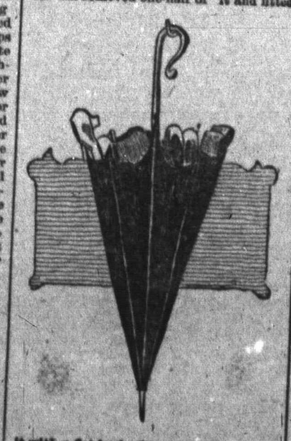
The attention of the legislature has been called to the unequal taxation, but has so far made no rectification. Worse than this. It was enacted at the last session of the legislature that all incomes should be exempted to the extent of seven hundred dollars, thus magnifying the inequality between merchants and professional men. Therefore, if a storekeeper and a clerk each earn seven hundred dollars in a year the latter has no income tax, while the former may be assessed on $1,000, $2,000 or $3,000.

The merchants have just ground for complaint at this inequality. No wonder the small storekeeper has to work long hours for small profits.

It was all right to exempt incomes as the legislature did, for incomes should never be taxed; but the legislature should never discriminate. It is quite in order now for the merchants to complain and to ask that they should have relief equivalent to the relief granted in the case of incomes. Let there be something like equality.

For Your Pretty Shoes.

A returned summer girl has found a novel use for her discarded outing parasol. She has removed one-half of it and fitted it with a flat back of pasteboard, as shown in the illustration, covering both this and the outside of the remaining half with oilcloth to match the furnishings of her room. Each segment is furnished with a lining, which forms the pocket for a pair of dainty slippers or shoes, and as the pocket is no deeper than the length of the shoes, they are kept in place. It may be covered with white duck from an old gown that is no longer serviceable and edged with a fall of coarse lace about the top. Use only a small parasol, and if you have not a frame of the right size you may fashion an umbrella shaped bag so constructed that the effect will be that of a half open parasol.



Captain Sweeney, U.S.A.

San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's catarrh remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c. Wade's drug store.

Wood Yard.

James Campbell, corner of Wellington and Barrack streets, always has on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone, 116.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Health for the Mother Sex."

COMPOUND

"HEALTH for the MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, Marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

BEST POLICY EVER OFFERED

If you are Thinking

About taking life insurance, either an endowment for yourself or a life policy for the protection of your family, and you were offered your choice of two policy contracts; one, a mass of microscopic type involving burdensome conditions and penalties and the other a straight promise to pay, printed in large type and framed in simple language, containing no conditions except one—the payment of premiums,

Which One Would You Take?

Assuredly the simple and safe Policy—the one which issues from

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

The solid, sure and successful Insurance Company.

CHOOSE A CANADIAN COMPANY

That pays its policy claims immediately upon satisfactory proof of death.

That issues a simple policy contract, easily read and easily understood.

That gives a policy under which, if you travel in any part of the world, it will not be voided thereby.

That issues an absolutely non-forfeitable policy.

That has a large percentage of Surplus to Liabilities.

It is beyond dispute that the insured in a Canadian Company has advantages in the way of lower rates, better security, and larger dividends than can be offered by any foreign company.

The Manufacturers' Life Guarantees:

Ninety per cent. of the surplus to policy-holders

Thirty days of grace for payment of renewal premiums

Paid up policy or cash surrender value after three years.

Loans to policy-holders after three years, thus avoiding the necessity of lapsing.

In case of lapse, policy may be revived within one year thereafter, if in good health.

T. D. MINNES,
District Manager.
159 Wellington Street, Kingston.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION

is the result of good digestion, and that is secured by using ADAMS'

TUTTI FRUTTI

Sold by Druggists and Confectioners, 5c. Refuse Imitations.

A VERY INTERESTING NOVELTY.

For three 3c. stamps, Adams & Co., 11 and 13 Jarvis St., Toronto, will send a set of 16 Paper Dolls, with changeable heads and bodies.

WOOD AND COAL.

COAL

A word to the wise is sufficient, you know,
Although the thermometer's far from zero,
Take heed of the rhyme,
For now is the time
To order your coal while the prices are low.

Be Wise!

CRAWFORD

is waiting to fill your order at the lowest price.

OFFICE—Foot of Queen St.
Telephone—No 9.

COAL!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST IN THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario street.
" 2—Clarence street wharf.
" 3—St. Lawrence wharf.

Chief office—St. Lawrence wharf. Branch office—City King and Clarence streets, opposite British American Hotel, Kingston.
Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty.
Coal all under cover and well screened.
Telephone communication.

JAMES SWIFT & COMPANY

TELEPHONE NO. 133.

BOOTH & CO.,
(Successors to Breck & Booth.)
—DEALERS IN—
Coal & Wood
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CORRESPONDENCE OFFICE—Corner Ontario and Queen streets.
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Hardware and House Furnishing Requirements.

GEO. SEARS,
Successor to J. Mackleston & Co., Princess Street, Kingston.

SUNLIGHT Soap TWIN BAR 6c.

A Household Comfort

BOOKS FOR WRAPPERS

For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book, 160 pages, will be sent.

FARM AND GARDEN

HINTS ON PLOWING.

A short chapter on plowing is given by the American Agriculturist which will be read with interest by our readers. It has been furnished by Mr. Charles E. Benton, Massachusetts:—A plow is simply a wedge, which is forced between the furrow slice and the land, to separate the two. Like all wedges it is most efficient, when the force is applied most nearly in line with the direction of its work. To accomplish this, the clevis and the traces should be adjusted until the required depth is attained. Or if a wheel is used let that be placed at the proper height, adjust the clevis and let out the traces until the wheel runs on the ground all the way. A plow properly adjusted will run flat, and will not bevel its point; while if it is adjusted

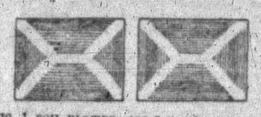

FIG. 1, SOIL PLOWED TOWARDS THE FENCE. FIG. 2, BACK-FURROWING FROM THE FENCE.

with high clevis and short traces it will bevel its point by continually running on its nose, and will jump itself out of the ground at every slight obstruction. The side adjustment is governed by the same principles, and there should be no undue pressure on the landside. Some soils will bear deep plowing, and are positively benefited by it, but others are injured.

The first consideration in plowing a field, is how to lay out the work. An old-time custom, still all too common and popular, because it requires only the minimum of brain labor, was to simply go around the field and forever and forever turn the furrows outward toward the fences. The result may be seen in many an old field in the accumulated depth of soil near the fences, while a gaping central dead furrow with its attenuated corner dead furrows reaching to the fences, is enough to make the cold chills run down the back of a tidy modern farmer. The effect of this kind of plowing is shown in Fig. 1, the shaded portions showing the accumulations of soil near the fences by the "round and round" system.

As a partial remedy for this evil, some have practised a system of "back furrowing" away from the fences. The effects of this are shown in Fig 2, where it is seen that, while it keeps the soil from accumulating near the fences, as under the other system, still the evils are only transferred to another part of the field, the center of the field being denuded, while the soil continues to be piled in ridges. Even when the back furrows are laid out of unequal width, the unequal distribution of the soil is only a little more spread and less apparent.

To avoid all these imperfections, I plow my fields toward the center. Begin by providing a few dozen light stakes, and a twine a hundred feet in length. Now, with an assistant, measure the length of the string from the fence, and set a few stakes, as shown by the outer dotted line

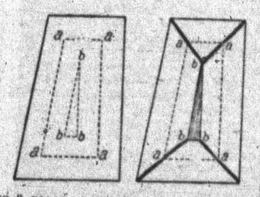

FIG. 3, DIAGRAM FOR PLOWING TOWARDS THE CENTER. FIG. 4, FIELD PLOWED AND CORNERS BACK FURROWED.

a in Fig. 3. Beginning at these stakes measure inward again and set stakes as before, and repeat the process until you have reduced the field to a small center or core bounded in the figure by the inner dotted line b. Now begin to plow at the middle of this center piece, turning the furrows toward the center, and being careful to finish even to the stakes. Then back-furrow from each corner of this central piece, to the corresponding corner of the field, going out and back twice on each corner.

The field will then appear as shown in Fig. 4, and you can begin plowing all the way around the central piece, turning the furrows toward the center until the field is completed. The different sets of stakes will serve as guides by which the different sides of the piece will be kept even, and the whole will finish even to the fence. A labor-saving expedient, is to simply back-furrow the corners of the field, as shown in Fig 4. If it is sod you are plowing, when you reach the back-furrowed corner of the field, without stopping the team you simply roll the plow over on the moldboard, and while the team makes an easy turn, you guide the plow to its place and let it take its furrow on the other side without pause or hindrance. In fact the corner is turned in this way much easier and quicker than in the ordinary manner of going around the land.

Among the Poultry.

Sunflower seed adds luster to the plumage.

Oats are one of the very best feeds for moulting hens.

The Pekin ducks develop early and are good market fowls.

Geese thrive on plenty of good pasturage and plenty of water.

Train the young poultry to roost in the poultry house from the start.

To be certain of having fresh eggs now, care must be taken to gather them daily.

A pound of copperas dissolved in two gallons of water makes a good disinfectant.

Mixing scotch snuff or insect powder in the dust bath will help to rid the fowls of lice.

If ducklings are exposed to wet weather they are apt to take cramps in their legs.

The roosts should be low, especially for large, heavy fowls, and should all be of the same height.—St. Louis Republic.

"Yes," said the inventor, "I think I see millions in it, if I can only get the thing to work."

"So do I," said the doubting friend. "What have you in mind now?"

"A scheme for confining cyclones in bicycle tires. See? There is your local motor, at merely the cost of capture."—

Shiloh's Cure

Will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Wade's, drug store.

Corns are cured with three applications of Miller's Sure-Cure Corn Salve, 15c a box. Sold only at Wade's drug store.

A DERELICT STORY.

Lake Erie the Scene of an Exciting Adventure.

Late one afternoon Bert Sedgewick stood in the doorway of a little cabin on the bluff south shore of Lake Erie. He stood gazing out over the storm-tossed lake, the waves of which were breaking against the bluffs so fiercely as to send a shower of spray at times as far as the little cabin. The youth turned to enter the doorway and do some much needed tidying up, but, as he swept the lake with one last glance, he caught sight of a small black sloop yacht only a little distance from the shore. She was pitching and rolling in a way that threatened to carry her mast out of her. Though most of the time she kept a course before the wind, she would every now and then swing around broadside to the waves, which would roll her down to the cabin windows and dash spray completely over her. "It must be rather wet aboard there," said Bert, as the little craft was thrown on her beam ends by an unusually large breaker. Reaching back into the cabin, he unslung a long telescope from a nail near the door. The sight this enabled him to have, as a great sea lifted the yacht and canted her deck toward him, startled him so he nearly dropped the glass. There was not a man to be seen on board the little vessel, and her wheel was spinning around, first one way, then the opposite, totally unrestrained.

She was hidden in a hollow for a moment, but the next she was tossed high upon the crest of a second swell, when the situation was made plain to the watcher. Her canvas was tightly harbor-furled, fore and aft. Sheets and halliards were hanging over the rails and trailing in tangled masses, while from her stern hung one of her manilla cables, limp and washing this way and that in the swirling waters under her graceful forefoot. The picture of the little yacht being swept in toward the rocky bluffs to utter destruction was not a pleasant one. Bert scanned the lake in vain in search of some sail.

The waters seemed deserted, except for the presence of a gray gull which fluttered above the yacht and the foam-crested waves almost mockingly.

"If the fellows were only here, we might do something," Bert thought hopelessly. "We could get out in her, and make enough sail to run her out into the lake till the storm lets up. I believe the skiff could go out there without swamping."

But the other members of the camping party were not there. Provisions have a most marvelous fashion of disappearing from camp larders, particularly when the camp is made up of three sturdy youths who spend most of their time in swimming, hunting and fishing.

It had been discovered when breakfast was cooked, that morning, that there would only be enough provender remaining for one other meal. Frank Hill and Harry Lawton had been delighted to go up to Sheridan, the nearest village, and return with the supplies directly after dinner. But, though this was late in the afternoon, there was as yet no sign of them. Meanwhile the handsome little yacht was being carried in closer and closer to the rocks, in a line which would shatter her to pieces very near the cabin, if nothing were done to prevent it. Bert watched her for a few moments in indecision. He threw the strap of the telescope over its nail, seized a pair of oars, and started down the path to the beach on a run.

"The lake's cutting up rusty," he said, aloud; "but I don't intend to see that pretty craft come ashore here and be stove into kindling wood, if I can help it."

He knew enough about marine customs to see that this was a chance to earn a goodly amount of salvage, if there ever was such an opportunity. The camp skiff lay in the mouth of a creek near by. He soon had it launched, and was pulling into the tossing water of the lake. The skiff plunged and leaped like a wild Indian pony, coming down from some of the waves upon the more solid water in the hollows with a force which threatened to crush in her none too strong bottom. Then it was that Bert realized that, should the skiff swamp by any hap or chance, it would be "all up" with him, unless he should succeed in swimming back to the small opening in the shore where the creek lay. Should the breakers throw a swimmer against the steep bluffs on either side it would mean certain death upon the sharp rocks. Only the most careful seamanship enabled the lone oarsman to pull through the seething surf. He breathed easier when through the curling crests, though it was no slight task then, handling the clumsy skiff. Bert heartily regretted having attempted the excursion. Yet, having started and gone so far, he was determined not to give up. Finally, after a back-breaking pull of what seemed an hour, he came under the lee of the little sloop. Waiting for an opportunity, he jerked the oars in, grasped the skiff's painter and sprang aboard the reeling yacht. How she pitched! The shoot-cleat, to which he made the skiff fast, was under water half the time. He had not half realized the way the yacht was being buffeted about when he regarded her through the long telescope. There was a slight jar and "snap" as he worked his way forward. What he saw upon looking backward was anything but pleasant. The painter of the skiff had parted. For a brief moment Bert felt an inclination to plunge in after the drifting skiff, as it was being whirled away. Then he saw that he could not possibly overtake it.

Now it was a case of either save the yacht, or go down with her. Bert recommenced to struggle forward, clinging to the rail—anything upon which he could lay his hand. The yacht had drifted in so close to shore that there was not any too much room to spare. Bert was not reckless enough to think of attempting to hoist sail and work the craft up or down the lake and into some harbor single-handed. He knew that there was a good holding ground between the sloop and the shore, and he felt that the light anchor still at her bow might hold her, if he could succeed in dropping it quickly enough. Moreover, she might have another extra one below decks.

"But if she drifts in much further before bringing up, there's no hope for her," was Bert's thought. As the bow dropped from the tops of some of the waves, it went completely under water, and he was nearly swept away. That the anchor would take hold, he felt fairly certain. But would the cable be able to stand the fearful strain of checking the yacht, was the trying question. Drifting as fast as was the little sloop, she soon began to straighten out the slack line. Bert braced himself anxiously. The yacht was swept forward on a long sea—the cable tightened. The odor of charring wood was plainly perceptible as Bert let the cable slip around the bits. Had he not eased it up as he did, it would have parted like a mere thread. The yacht's bow slowly swung around until it was pointing into the wind and seas, and she was riding to the plant hempen strands in comparative safety. Breaking in the cabin doors, Bert began a search for an extra anchor without success. He found that the yacht was called the Lake Bird, and that she came from Toledo. The fittings below made a striking contrast to the exterior of the rough camp cabin. Bert afterward learned that the yacht had come into the plight in which he found her by being left at anchor off Port Colborne, Ontario, while her party were enjoying an excursion inland. The weather had seemed promising, and it had been thought that by dropping the largest anchor she would lie in perfect safety. But though a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, a manilla cable is no more reliable. The strands had been worn apart against some piece of wreckage or sharp rock. When the yachtsmen had returned, curtailing their trip on account of the change in the weather, they found the Lake Bird missing, and no sign of her remaining. No one was even able to tell them when she had gone adrift. That was late in the day, too. Dwight Brown, her owner, knew that unless she had been picked up she would be well upon the American shore. His state of mind can easily be imagined. But to return to Bert Sedgewick and the little runaway which tugged fearfully upon the light port cable. Like most adventures, this was one of the number which it is more pleasant to read of than to experience. Standing in the companionway, Bert nervously watched the stem of the Lake Bird plunge down from the tallest seas as though she were going directly to the bottom. Then she nearly stood on her narrow stern, the water falling in streams from her drenched head-sails as her bowsprit pointed skyward.

The gale grew stronger as the sun neared the western horizon. It was a blow in which the yacht should at least have had both anchors out. Bert took a range across two tall trees and soon had his worst fears realized. The Lake Bird was dragging her anchor—slowly, it must be confessed, yet that fact made the case a little less uncomfortable for the one hand aboard her. The boys appeared on shore before long. Though they were at first nonplussed as to know how their chum happened to be alone on the tossing yacht, Bert saw that they quickly understood his danger. Frank Hill waved his hat, and then started back from the bluff like a deer on the path leading inland. Harry Lawton kept his eyes glued to the old telescope. The cold and sleet of winter were all that were lacking to make the situation a thoroughly desperate one. Darkness soon began to set in. It is impossible to tell how the adventure would have culminated had not a large tug from Colborne, carrying Dwight Brown and his yachtsmen friends, steamed down upon the scene. The tug Frank telephoned for to Dunkirk, N.Y., did not arrive for three hours.

A line was gotten to the yacht. Bert buoyed and slipped her anchor, and she was towed to Silver Creek. Her owner overwhelmed the soaked and tired Bert with congratulations as he was brought aboard the tug. Mr. Brown knew that he owed the preservation of the Lake Bird to him. He forced Bert to give his address, so that the young camper would not be the loser by the danger he had braved. The "ten-thirty" Lake Shore train carried Bert back to Sheridan. He brought his friends an invitation to take a sail on the rescued yacht, though her owner was not far from right when he said that he feared the boys' fathers and mothers might have something to remark on that subject when they learned how carelessly the yacht had been handled. However, the check Bert later received he invested in a small yet staunch smack. The chums were the envy of all the other youthful camping parties up and down the shore, where Bert was also regarded as quite a hero, and not without just cause.

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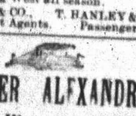

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